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QUEER FOOD.

Delicacies of Our Foreign Born Citizens.
New York News.

The Germans of New York have stores in which specially selected delicacies are vended. Fried, or rather smoked goose is an odd feature of these. Smoked geese come from Pomerania, where their living originals are raised in vast flocks. They are plucked for their down, and then killed, cut in sections, very slightly salted and smoked. Pomeranian geese however cost twenty-five cents a pound, and is esteemed a great dainty among German epicures.

There are a couple of stores here where Spanish edibles are dealt in. These consist chiefly of nuts and dried fruit. Dried goat meat forms a favorite feature. It is prepared very much as our dried beef is. The Spaniards seem to rely more on their peculiar methods of cooking what they eat than on any peculiarity of the food itself.

The peculiarities of the French food stores are beyond scrutiny. The question with regard to them is not what they do, but what they do not sell.

There is probably nothing from a section of a boiler iron or a cobble stone down to a bent pin or a broken horse shoe nail that a Frenchman cannot provide a dressing for to make it appetizing. An odd feature of the French shops to an American is the horse meat department. They all deal in horse flesh, both fresh, dried and salted. Horse flesh sausages, made, or supposed to be made, in Lyons, and called Lyons sausages, are very popular. Sausages made of a compound of asses' flesh, pork and veal also have an extensive sale.

Sharks' fins, dried, are sold in every Chinese shop in New York. They are imported from China. There are three kinds, of which the best are the fins of the white shark. These are worth \$3.50 a pound. The poorest kind, which is known as black shark fins, is sold for half as much and even less. Shark's fin is a popular dainty among Chinamen. It is salted and dried for export and looks like a section of a whalebone, when raw, but boiled in water a gelatinous substance is extracted, which is esteemed very savory. A species of stew made of shark's fin, dried oysters, rice and peppers is a champion Chinese dish. Dried oysters are ordinary bivalves, extracted from the shell, dipped in salt, and strung on strings to dry in the sun. They come from China and look for all the world like figs. John Chinaman infinitely prefers them to the freshest of oysters he can buy here. Mussels, conks and clams are preserved by him in the same way.

The famous bird's nest is also a feature of any respectable shop in Mott street. It is queer stuff to look at for it rather resembles gravel than any vegetable or animal, and tastes a little like gum arabic. The nests, it seems, are dried and rubbed into these fragments in the hand, when they are packed for transportation. Bird's nest is worth from \$10 for the commoner variety to \$25 a pound for the best. It is essentially a luxury for a pound of it will only cost a sou for at most forty people, so that it rates higher than turtle soup in the dearest season. Another dainty which Ah Sin has to have imported all the way from China is dried cabbage.

Some score or more of contributors to a French sporting journal dined one day upon the ham and heart of a lion, killed by Constant Cheret in Algeria. The flesh of the lion was found to be particularly firm and close grained, like that of a horse, but although pronounced palatable, it only achieved what is termed a success d'estime, while the heart, skillfully prepared with truffles, was unanimously voted tough and indigestible.

Sowing and Reaping.

When a young lady hears her mother for a rich bachelor, she sews the seed. When seeds of distress are planted through over indulgence, you can prevent the undertaker from reaping the benefit by using PRUNE BLOSSOM. Price 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents. 21-1w

KILLING A CATAMOUNT.

Phin Teeple's Exploits as a Wild Game Hunter.

Correspondence of Philadelphia Press.

PRESTON, Wayne County, Pa., February 12. The other day, while a resident of this place was walking along the road leading to "Big Hickory Pond," a large catamount sprang into the road and disputed his passage. Fortunately, his dog was near and, being a powerful animal, soon put the catamount to flight. This man was John Finley Teeple, better known as "Phin Teeple, the hunter." Phin is about seventy-seven years old, and has killed only 3,000 deer, over 400 bears, and numerous wolves, wildcats and other animals. Teeple followed the catamount into the woods and soon discovered two catamount kittens, which he took to his home at Preston. The next day he got out his rifle, which had done him such good service for sixty years, and taking one of the kittens with him, repaired to the spot where he had first seen the big catamount. Here he tied the kitten to a tree and retired a short distance; when the cries of the kitten soon brought the old catamount to the spot. One shot from Phin's rifle settled the animal.

Teeple is probably the oldest hunter in Pennsylvania. He hunted in Wayne County when elk still were found in the woods along the Delaware Valley, and many an exciting and blood curdling adventure can he tell. Panthers became extinct while he was yet in the prime of life. Ed Quick, of Blooming Grove, having killed the last one seen for thirty years in Wayne County, 1851. Up to the fall of 1879 Teeple has usually made an excursion over to Potter County during the hunting season, for within the past score of years game has grown so scarce in Wayne that there has not been much fun in hunting. In 1830 Phin says deer ran in herds through Pike and Wayne Counties and then hunting was a science. He also tells that on one occasion he shot six big bucks in walking three miles, and then he was not hunting, but was returning home from a visit to a friend. It was also related of this wonderful hunter that when he was only fourteen years old he saw a herd of deer and fired at the nearest buck. That one shot killed three deer. The bullet passed through the neck of the first, through the body of the second, and lodged in the kidneys of the third.

Phin has killed more than one deer where the public park in the pretty little town of Homestead now is. The old hunter never tires of telling about a "scrimmage" he had on the Wallen-paupack river, near Hawley. In company with the late Tom Paul Preston, whose grandfather was, many years ago, Mayor of Philadelphia, he started "deer stalking." Suddenly he saw an immense buck standing in the river and, hastily aiming his fired. His aim was poor and he had only wounded the buck, which made him so lively that he was forced to climb a tree for safety. The deer stopped at the foot of the tree and looked so savage that Phin didn't dare to come down. He remained there, besieged, several hours until Preston returned and shot the deer. When released from his position Teeple was almost frozen to death, and he says that was the only time in his life that he was ever worsted in a fight with either man or beast.

"Chris" and "Lije" are Phin's two sons, the elder about twenty-five years old. When Chris was nineteen he had killed nineteen deer, and two years ago last Thanksgiving Day these men killed a bear that weighed over 300 pounds, dressed. One of Phin's daughters is a violinist, and is much sought after when the backwoods swains want to get up an "apple cut" or a "harvest home dance."

THE TERROR OF THE INDIANS.

Phin Teeple knew Tom Quick, the Indian slayer, personally. He says: "Quick was a devil in human form, who cared neither for God nor man; and delighted in burning peaceable Indian men and women and murdering their little children. Anything to maintain his reputation as the 'greatest Indian slayer in the world' he'd do. Long after peace was declared between Brandt's men and the militia of the Delaware region, a party of Seneca Indians were camping near the outlet of Duck Harbor Pond in Wayne county. These Indians were trapping for Beaver. Tom Quick knew this, and he went up there from his cabin at Quicktown, Pike county. He took with him a lot of whiskey and when he came to the Indian camp pretended great friendliness, shared their venison and tobacco, and treated the crowd with his liquor, after which he left them. The liquor, which Tom had drugged with some poisonous wild vine, soon took effect, and when the poor Indians were half dead and helpless, Tom came back, took their weapons from them, brained them with his hatchet, and after adorning his belt with their scalps, removed all the furs to a place of safety, and set the wigwam on fire. He then carried the furs to Newburg, New York, at that time the nearest trading post, and sold them. He got drunk there and told of this disgraceful piece of treachery on his part, the details of which are so horrible they can hardly be believed yet they are undoubtedly the truth." This, Mr. Teeple says, was but a slight incident in the great Indian-slayer's bloody career.

THE HUNTERS OF LONG EDDY.

Not far from Teeple's home is the spot where Lucy Ann Lobdell Slater, the female hunter of Long Eddy, an account of whose romantic life recently appeared in The Press, lived for several years with her crazy "wife."

This wife of the "female hunter" is now about forty-five years old, she still lives near here. Her hair is as white as snow, and since the death of her "female husband" she has been in poor health.

Abram Johnson, who died not long ago in Salem Township, Wayne county, aged 108 years, was a relative, it is said, of old Phin. Johnson was born in Vermont in 1773, and, being captured by the Indians in the war of 1812, fell in love with the eighteen-year-old daughter of a chief. They were married and moved to Wayne county, where, in 1828, she died, leaving one daughter, who married an Oneida chief, and shortly afterward becoming a widow, married again and now lives in Lackawanna county, this state. Johnson became wealthy, lost his money by speculation, became crazy, and died in the county almshouse last fall.

THE BITTER BIT.

A Miner Caught in His Own Steel-Trap.

Leadville Chronicle.

One of the most singular and at the same time distressing accidents which has been chronicled for many a day took place in Buckeye gulch yesterday, the victim being a miner living there and named Henry Sullivan. Late yesterday afternoon he was brought to the house of Dr. Smith, who knew him personally. He was at the time suffering from a severe cut on each side of his leg, near the ankle, and a fracture of both bones. An injury of this character, at that spot, is an extremely serious one, and all possible was done to relieve his pain. How he received the injury and how he reached the city embody an exceedingly interesting story of fortitude. Sullivan lives, as many other miners do, entirely alone, in a little log cabin at the head of the gulch. Among the tools and articles in his humble place of abode was a large steel trap, such as is used in catching bears and heavy game. Its shape, when open, was oval, but when the spring was touched two sets of cruel teeth sprang together, closing on whatever happened to be in range, be it man or beast. The trap had not been used for a long time, and stood open in a corner of the place. Yesterday morning it occurred to Sullivan that the trap might do some damage in that condition, and accordingly he pulled it to the middle of the floor to close it up. In its long period of disuse the springs had become rusty and the working portions of it stuck together, refusing to operate. Sullivan labored with it for quite a time, and then becoming angry, picked up a hatchet and began hammering at it. Still the jaws refused to shut, and without thinking of the consequences, he thrust his foot against the level and stuck it again. At that instant there was a clank, and the teeth sprang shut, pinning him just above the ankle. The springs were of the most powerful make, and, as there was no loosening them when they had once caught, Sullivan, in his agony, felt his very bones crack under the death-like grip, and half fainting as he sank to the floor. Then nerving himself for a desperate effort, he wrenched

ed at the stout iron with both hands, but without loosening it the fraction of an inch. Half an hour of pain and terror followed, and a new idea occurred to him. The trap was fastened at the base with heavy screws bolted at either side. A wrench lay within reach, and grasping it with the strength of desperation, he succeeded at length in unfastening the bolts. The steel bars dropped apart and he was free. It is needless to enlarge upon his journey of a mile and a half up the gulch, to the nearest house, and how he was finally carried to this city. His injuries are of such a nature that he may possibly yet suffer the amputation of a foot. Sullivan is an old Leadville man.

Universal Appropriation.

By the community at large has been given to BERKSON BLOOD BITTERS. No instance is known where dissatisfaction has been manifested by their use, or where might but benefit followed their administration. Price \$1.00, trial sizes 10 cts. 21-1w

CAUTION TO EGG SHIPPERS

'Stevens' Patent Egg Case' Sustained by the Courts.

You are hereby notified that we are the sole owners of letters patent issued to John L. Stevens, on the 20th day of February, 1872, and renewed Feb. 19, 1875, relating to an improvement in Egg Cases. After nearly four years of litigation with the "scavengers" of New York, and at a "trial heart" upon the merits, the said "Stevens" patent, No. 8,011 was decided to be a good and valid patent by the Honorable Judge, U. S. Judge, at N. Y. City, on the 23rd day of July, 1881; a day thereafter, and on the 5th day of August, 1881, a final decree was entered in said case, awarding a perpetual injunction against "Schroeder & Seavers" and for a count for profits and damages. After the above decree was filed, an application was made by the said "Schroeder & Seavers" for a rehearing. Said rehearing was granted, and on the 25th day of January, 1882, His Honor Judge H. H. Hoar affirmed his former decision, thus fully sustaining the patent after a double hearing.

On Feb. 10, 1882, His Honor Geo. W. McCarty, U. S. Judge at Brooklyn, N. Y., granted an injunction against Henry Wels (manufacturer of the "North Star Case"), Burlington, Iowa, restraining him from further manufacturing, selling or using said cases.

In addition to the above, the following injunctions have recently been issued: Against John W. Palmer of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, by Judge McCarty, and Love and Des Moines, Iowa.

"Egg Case" and "Tester Co.," of Chicago, by His Honor Henry W. Blodgett, U. S. Judge at Chicago, which was appealed to His Honor Thomas L. McDonald, U. S. Judge at Chicago, who affirmed the opinion of Judge Blodgett Feb. 14, 1882, also against Chas. A. Gillette, of Chicago, by His Honor Henry W. Blodgett, at Chicago, March 7, 1881, and several others—all fully sustaining the Stevens' re-issued patent.

CAUTION.—We hereby notify holders of the most reliable and best dividing boards between trays containing bottomless compartments with all regard to the shape of the compartments, or to the manner in which the pieces forming them are put together is a direct infringement on the Stevens' Patent Egg Case, re-issued, No. 8,001 and all parties making, selling or using Egg Cases so constructed without our consent will be held accountable to us. HILL, NICHOLS & CO., 1621-1623 Mead St. Chicago, February, 1882. 1621-mead-31

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